WESTERN LUMINARY.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."—Rev. xxi. 23

VOL. II.] LEXINGTON, KY. JANUARY 25, 1826 29

EDITED AND PUBLISHED
BY JOHN BRECKINRIDGE.
PRINTED BY
THOMAS T. SKILLMAN.

Published every Wednesday, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, in specie in advance, or TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS if not paid within the year.

No subscriber at liberty to discontinue until all arrearages are paid up.

All letters must be post paid.

FOR THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

THOUGHTS ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

No. III.

In procrastinating the business of religion to a future season, upon what a dangerous uncertainty are you risquing your eternal all. Human life is as frail as the moth, and as liable to be crushed: wonderful as is its machinery, and proudly as it may move along in sublime exhibition of the glory of its Creator, yet the accident of the moment can lay it in undistinguished ruins. —A thousand enemies lead to the mysterious residence of life, in which the secret and insinuating destroyer death may enter, and before you are aware dissolve the magic links uniting the mortal with the immortal—at once you fall, and all your dreams of future bliss must be exchanged, for the gloomy appendages of the coffin and the shroud.

In the full bounding life, of joyous youth, it is hard for us to believe that death is near at hand: our expectations reach on through many coming years—the future plans of manhood and old age are formed, and with delusive confidence we flatter ourselves, that all these prospects of the fancy are destined to be realized.

Alas! what reason have we to think that life with us shall be prolonged? Surely the strength of early days, and the vigour of an unbroken constitution, present no barrier before the undiscriminating strokes of death, which levels alike the reverend head and blooming youth. By far the greater part of men are cut down whilst young or in the prime of life. Could the silent tenants of a grave yard leave for a while those dreary mansions where more than midnight horror reigns, and appear before you as in the days of their health—think you that a congregation of only the aged would be presented to your view?—or would not the thronging crowd of old and young mixed up together

teeming again with renovated life, speak to your hearts in language forever to be remembered, and forever to chase away your delusion—that death makes no distinction? No, it would not be a congregation of the aged; as your eye glanced over those numerous victims of death, only here and there amidst the crowd would you be able to discern a silvered head bowed down with the weight of years, whilst on every side you would mark some youthful form, upon whose cheek health was glowing, and in whose eye life was sparkling.

Who has not seen the flower at early dawn arrayed in beauteous colours, and shedding its sweetness on the morning air, in a few hours crushed by some cruel foot, and mingling its fading honours with the dust:—even so is the life of man. In all the pride of young existence, fair laughs the morning around him, and soft the zephyrs blow—brightening the expectations of happier days to come—the music of the grove sounds more enchanting in his ear, and the gay landscape seems clothed with gayer charms:—but in a few hours where is he! withering in the dust like the early flower—his expectations have perished with him—his voice shall no longer be heard in the hall of his fathers, nor the sound of his footsteps echo through his favorite walks.

As a melancholy instance of procrastination, in a distant part of the country, a young lady whose prospects of long life were of the most flattering kind—whose disposition was as sweet, and character as amiable as that of any of my young female readers: being admonished by a friend who took an interest in her eternal welfare, to seek in early life the religion of Jesus; in the full festivity of youthful feeling she replied she could not now—she was young—she had her pleasures to enjoy—she would attend to these things at a future period; but alas her delusive hopes were destined never to be realized Behold her at the expiration of one transient week lying upon a bed of death—but ah how changed! the joys of life, like golden dreams, had fled forever:—pale emaciated and sinking into the dreary tomb—the heart which once throbbed with bounding joy, or melted at the tale of woe, was crushed beneath the o'erwhelming thought of eternity—the voice that had often charmed the listener with its melodious strains, was heard in sepulchral tones to rend the air with her despairing cries—and the eye that once rolled in sparkling beauty, shone out its last look beneath the gathering gloom, portending the blackness of darkness for ever.

But you object to religion because it is a melancholy sort of thing. The constant round of dull and tedious duty—the solemn manner, and the exclusion of those pleasures in which men generally take so much delight, give to religion such a forbidding appearance, that you have no heart to pursue it.

As to the dullness and tediousness of religious duties! no wonder they are regarded as such by those whose natural heart still remains unchanged. Every unregenerated individual is at enmity with God; and so long as this is his condition the same complaint against religion, of dullness and tediousness, must be urged. In the nature of the case it is impossible we should love that against

which we exercise hatred. We can take delight only in the things which we approve and love. Seek then to have this enmity removed—to be created anew in Christ Jesus—to have the love of God shed abroad through your souls, and all difficulty on this point vanishes at once, the duties of religion become pleasing and delightful, as much as any other objects that ever gave you pleasure, and indeed far more so, as they continually lead the mind to him who is so infinitely superior, and who is the inexhaustible fountain of perfect happiness.

If a christian is at any time gloomy, it is not his religion that makes him so, it is only the want of it: the solemnity of his countenance and manner is to be attributed to his frequent converse with solemn subjects. It is only in external things that you see him—the thoughtful posture—the lifted hand —the closed eye—and oftentimes the trickling tear; but you see not the heart, that invisible world of peace and Heavenly joy, where God in mildest glory dwells, and makes all loveliness around.

But what is there in religion that can make it a gloomy thing? Is it a gloomy thing to have your sins forgiven, and your soul saved from the everlasting burnings—to have God for your friend, and Christ for your Almighty Saviour, to have a title to an inheritance with the saints in light, and to be enabled to look forward with enrapturing anticipations to a state of never ending felicity?

What, my dear young friends, are all those earth born pleasures which you seek with so much avidity, and which you cannot forsake even when eternal joys are offered as your reward? Is not vanity of vanities written upon them all? How unsubstantial in their nature—how fleeting in their existence! Let me point you to God, the fountain of all happiness. In departing from him to seek happiness in other things you must necessarily meet with disappointment at every step. He alone whose power created the mysterious soul, can find out its secret chambers, and fill with perfect bliss its fathomless desires.

Happiness does not reside in external objects—it is alone the feeling of the heart: it is this that imparts a magic charm to all around; and when it seems delighted with other things, it is amidst the beauties of its own creation that it strays.

It is God alone that can make the heart happy; and without him in vain do we seek for happiness in other things: ages have borne the invariable testimony that every thing else will be of no avail. A man may riot in all the magnificence of human glory—be surrounded by external splendours—with the honours of the world to gratify his pride, and the luxuries of earth to minister to his pleasures; yet if God dwells not with him in heavenly religion he is at best a wretch;—still will he feel, in spite of all his efforts to cheat away his misery, that "the heart—the heart is lonely still"—and over the heaps of his vain and glittering treasures, the immortal spirit, longing for some boundless object, will sigh for it knows not what.

Not to say any thing of the labour, and continued dissatisfaction, the pining care and wasting anxiety, to which they must ever be the melancholy victims who seek their happiness in the things of this world;—

ye, alas. how transient is the existence of all earthly happiness; when the fugitive moments of life are gone how vanishes it like a gay but deceitful vision.

It is related of one who had attained to an eminence in human bliss to which but few attain; (success had marked his darling career; surrounded with the spoils of nations---enjoying all that the world calls good and great--and with a name that made many of the potentates in Europe tremble on their thrones; was called at length to submit to him at whose fatal touch drops alike the monarch's sceptic and the beggar's staff.) that when near the hour of his dissolution he summoned his standard bearer into his presence--and ordering him to tear the colours from the flag staff, and in their place to hang a piece of linnen; commanded him to go and proclaim to his embattled hosts; there--there is all that remains for Saladin the conqueror--a few yards of linnen to make his shroud.

This is but one of the many instances which are continually occurring in the melancholy experience of man, to shew how transient the tenure of all earthly bliss.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Oh then! no longer let that spirit of immortal mould, formed with powers for an unbounded range, degrade itself by grovelling on the earth. Seek! oh, aspiring youth, from him in the light of whose glory "the magnificence of creation withers!" seek from him those honours which, more imperishable than the ever verdant laurel, shall crown thy immortality. Look far beyond the clouded atmosphere of this troubled world, to where pleasure spreads its bright and beauteous realms, and joys forever bloom.

In concluding this address, let me say to those who enjoy the golden season of youth---go seek religion, young man, young woman--go consecrate to God your best and early days---go let that heart so full of youthful vigour beat only for its Creator: let that mind so young and ardent, expand its noble powers beneath the sweetest beams of Redeeming love: let the untired activity of new awakened life---let all the warm and lively feelings of your nature, kindle with ever growing interest in his service, who looks with tenderest delight upon the offerings of early piety.

Oh religion, how beautiful art thou in youth: how dost thou crown his rising years with honour, and shed thy chastened beauty over the days of his maturity: and in the calm sunset of his declining life, when many around him are sinking into the grave covered with the disgrace of numerous years of sin, closing their career in eternal darkness, how dost thou gild the latest hour of his existence, and tinge the fading scene around him with the sweet lustre of immortal hope. J. H.

Extracts from the works of Archbishop Leighton.

Truly, whatsoever becomes of men's curious computations of times, this wretched selfishness and decay of love, may save us the labour of much *chronological* debate in this, and lead us, from the certain character of them, to conclude these to be the *latter times*, in

a very strict sense. All other sins are come down along, and run combined now with this, but truly, uncharitableness is the main one. As old age is a rendezvous or meeting place of maladies, but is especially subject to cold diseases, thus is it in the old age of the world: many sins abound, but especially coldness of love, as our Saviour foretells it, that in *the last days the love of many shall wax cold.* Matt xxiv 12 As the disease of the youth of the world, was, the *abounding of lust.* (Gen vi.) so, that of its age, is, *decay of love.* And as that heat called for a total deluge of waters, so, this coldness calls for fire, the kindling of an universal fire, that shall make an end of it and the world together. *Aqua propter ardorem libidinis, ignis propter teporem charitatis:* Water because of the heat of lust fire because of the coldness of charity.

Every man hath received some gift, no man all gifts; and this, rightly considered, would keep all in a more even temper. As, in nature, nothing is altogether useless, so, nothing is self-sufficient. This should keep the meanest from repining and discontent: he that hath the lowest rank in most respects, yet, something he hath received, that is not only a good to himself, but, rightly improved, may be so to others likewise. And this will curb the loftiness of the most highly privileged, and teach them, to see some deficiencies in themselves, and some gifts in far meaner persons. Some flowers and herbs that grow very low, are of a very fragrant smell and healthful use

Merchants can feel in their trading a dead time, and complain seriously of it; but Christians, in theirs, either can suffer it and not see it, or see it and not complain, or, possibly, complain and yet not be deeply sensible of it.

We trifle out our time, and instead of the commerce of grace to our mutual enriching, we trade in vanity, *and are as it were children exchanging shells and toys together.*

Retired contemplation may be more pleasing, but due activity for God and His Church is more profitable. *Rachel was fair but she was barren; Leah blear-eyed but fruitful.*

Sometimes, it may be, they have a sudden thought of salvation, and they think, I will think on it better at some other time. But when comes that time? One business steps in after another, and shuffles it out. Men are not at leisure to be saved.

If the soul be safe, all is well; it is riches enough. *What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world,* says our Saviour, *and lose his own soul?* Mark viii. 36. And so, what shall it disprofit a man, though he lose the whole world, if he gain his soul? Nothing at all.

Love is the great endowment of a shepherd of Christ's flock. He says not to Peter Art thou wise or learned, or eloquent? but, *Lovest thou me? Then, feed my sheep.*

What gains an unholy old man or woman, by their scores of years, but the more scores of guiltiness and misery? And their white hairs speak nothing but ripeness for wrath. Oh! to be as *a tree planted in the house of the Lord, bringing forth fruit in old age.* Psal. xcii. 12, 13.

This, therefore, is mainly to be studied, that the seat of humility be *the heart.*

Ever let thy thoughts concerning thyself be below what thou utterest; and what thou seest needful or fitting to say to thy own abasement, be not only content (which most are not) to be taken at thy word, and believed to be such by them that hear thee, but be desirous of it, and let that be the end of thy speech, to persuade them, and gain it of them, that they really take thee for as worthless and mean as thou dost express thyself.

But he giveth grace,—pours it out

plentifully upon humble hearts. His sweet dews and showers of grace, slide off the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts, and make them pleasant and fertile.

The profane world little know how serviceable they are to the graces and comforts of a Christian, when they dishonour and persecute him; yea, little doth a Christian himself sometimes think how great his advantage is by those things, till he finds it, and wonders at his Father's wisdom and love.

Extracst from a brief outline of the evidences of the Christian Religion By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, *Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Theological Seminary, at Princeton N. J.*

THE RIGHT USE OF REASON IN RELIGION.

That it is the right and the duty of all men to exercise their reason in inquiries concerning religion, is a truth so manifest, that it may be presumed there are none who will be disposed to call it in question.

Without reason there can be no religion; for in every step which we take, in examining the evidences of revelation, in interpreting its meaning, or in assenting to its doctrines, the exercise of this faculty is indispensable.

When the evidences of Christianity are exhibited, an appeal is made to the reason of men for its truth; but all evidence and all argument would be perfectly futile, if reason were not permitted to judge of their force. This noble faculty was certainly given to man to be a guide in religion, as well as in other things. He possesses no other means by which he can form a judgment on any subject, or assent to any truth; and it would be no more absurd to talk of seeing without eyes, than of knowing any thing without reason.

It is therefore a great mistake to suppose, that religion forbids, or discourages the right use of reason. So far from this, she enjoins it as a duty of high moral obligation, and reproves those who neglect to judge for themselves what is right.

It is manifest, that we can form no conception of a truth of any kind, without reason; and when we receive any thing as true, whatever may be the evidence on which it is founded, we must view the reception of it to be reasonable. Truth and reason are so intimately connected, that they can never, with propriety, be separated. Truth is the object, and reason the faculty by which it is apprehended; whatever be the nature of the truth, or of the evidence by which it is established. No doctrine can be a proper object of our faith which is not more reasonable to receive, than to reject. If a book claiming to be a divine revelation, is found to contain doctrines which can in no way be reconciled to right reason, it is a sure evidence that those claims have no solid foundation, and ought to be rejected. But that a revelation should contain doctrines of a mysterious and incomprehensible nature, and entirely different from all our previous conceptions, and, considered in themselves, improbable, is not repugnant to reason; on the contrary, judging from analogy, sound reason would lead us to expect such things in a revelation from God. Every thing which relates to this Infinite Being, must be to us, in some respect, incomprehensible. Every new truth must be different from all that is already known; and all the plans and works of God are very far above and beyond the conception of such minds as ours. Natural Religion has as great mysteries as any in revelation: and the created universe, as it exists, is as different from any plan which men would have conceived, as any of the truths contained in a revelation can be.

But it is reasonable to believe what

by our senses we perceive to exist; and it is reasonable to believe whatever God declares to be true.

In receiving, therefore, the most mysterious doctrines of revelation, the ultimate appeal is to reason. Not to determine whether she could have discovered these truths; not to declare, whether considered in themselves, they appear probable; but to decide, whether it is not more reasonable to believe what God speaks, than to confide in our own crude and feeble conceptions. Just as if an unlearned man should hear an able astronomer declare, that the diurnal motion of the heavens is not real but only apparent, or that the sun was nearer to the earth in winter than in summer; although the facts asserted, appeared to contradict his senses, yet it would be reasonable to acquiesce in the declarations made to him, by one, who understood the subject, and in whose veracity he had confidence. If, then, we receive the witness of men, in matters above our comprehension, much more should we receive the witness of God, who knows all things, and cannot deceive his creatures by false declarations.

There is no just cause for apprehending, that we shall be misled by the proper exercise of reason, on any subject, which may be proposed for our consideration.

One large class of men are accustomed, from a slight and superficial view of the important subject of religion, to draw a hasty conclusion, which must prove, in the highest degree, detrimental to their happiness.

They have observed, that in the modern as well as ancient world, there is much superstition, much imposture, much diversity of opinion and variety of sects, many false pretences to Divine Inspiration, and many false reports of miracles, and prophetic oracles; and without giving themselves the trouble of searching diligently for the truth amidst the various contending claims, they draw a general conclusion that all religions are alike; — that the whole affair is a cheat, the invention of cunning men, who imposed on the credulity of the unthinking multitude; and that the claims to Divine Revelation, do not even deserve a serious examination. Does right reason dictate such a conclusion as this? If it did, and we were to apply it to all other concerns, it would make a sad overturning in the business of the world. Truth, honesty, and honour might, on these principles, be discarded, as unmeaning names; for of all these there have been innumerable counterfeits, and concerning all of them, endless diversity of opinion.

A second class, who profess to be men of reason, pay more attention to the subject of religion; but their reason is a prejudiced judge. They listen with eagerness to all that can be said against revelation. They read with avidity the books written against Christianity, and but too faithfully treasure up every objection to religion; but her advocates never obtain from them a fair hearing. They never inquire whether the arguments and objections which appear to them so strong, have not been refuted. With the means of conviction within their reach, they remain firmly fixed in their infidelity; and as long as they pursue this partial method of investigation, they must ever remain in the same darkness.

A third class, who wish to be considered as taking reason for their guide, are under the dominion of vicious passions, of ambition, avarice, lust, or revenge. Men of this character, however strong their intellect, or extensive their erudition, can never reason impartially on any subject, which interferes with the gratification of their predominant desires; and as religion forbids, under severe penalties, all irregular passions and vicious indulgences, they pursue it with malignant hatred. As one well observes,

"they are against religion, because religion is against them" Such men never reason calmly on the subject, and they are incapable of receiving any benefit from the arguments of others. Voltaire may be considered as the leader of this band; and his humble imitators have been too numerous, in every Christian country.

The plain course which reason directs us to pursue, is, after examining the evidences of revelation, and being satisfied, to come to the interpretation of the Scriptures with an unbiassed mind; and in the exercise of a sound judgment, and with the aid of those helps and rules which reason and experience suggest, to obtain the sense of the several parts of the document; and although this sense may contradict our preconceived opinions, or clash with our inclinations, we ought implicitly to receive it; and not by a refined ingenuity and laboured critical process, extort a meaning, that will suit our own notions. This is not to form our opinions by the Word of God, but to cut down the sublime and mysterious doctrines of revelation, to the measure of our narrow conceptions And thus, in the creed of many called rational Christians, the divine system of heavenly truth is shorn of its glory, and comes forth little more than an improved theory of Natural Religion. There is no reason in this

But what if the plain sense of Scripture be absolutely repugnant to the first principles of reason? Let that be demonstrated, and the effect will be, rather to overthrow the Scriptures, than to favour such a method of forming a theory from them But no such thing can be demonstrated. The reasonings by which it has been attempted to prove, that the doctrines commonly called orthodox, are contrary to reason, are fallacious; and a similar mode of reasoning, on the truths of Natural Religion, will land us in atheism.

THE LUMINARY.

"Quare quis tandem me reprehendat, si quantum caeteris, ad *ipsam requiem animi et corporis*, conceditur temporis: tantum mihi egomet ad haec studia recolenda sumpsero."—*Cic. pro Archia.*

LEXINGTON:

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25. 1826.

FOR THE LUMINARY.

Review of an "Introductory Address on independence of intellect. By CHARLES CALDWELL, *M. D. Professor of Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Practice in Transylvania University. Lexington. Printed at the office of the Kentucky Whig.* 1825."

The writer regrets that he feels himself impelled by a sense of duty to take the following notice of the Introductory Lecture of Dr. Caldwell, delivered to the present Class of Medical Students, and published at their request. He regrets it, because it may appear to operate to the disadvantage of the Medical College, which has prospered in an unparalleled measure, and may justly be called the pride of the West. Had he delivered it as a declamatory harangue, it might have passed away like many other of his *frigid speculations*, without remark; for the impression would have been evanescent. But as he has had the vanity to publish it, and as his remarks, although *crude*, and indigested in the extreme, may have a tendency to beguile the unwary; and weaken the obligation to christian faith and morality; he therefore has thought it worthy of animadversion; and not because he thinks this publication possessed of any great merit. It is to be further observed, that the Doctor, in a previous Lecture, made religion the subject of free remark, which shews that he intends a deliberate and con-

tinued attack upon Christianity. It would therefore be a dereliction of duty in the Christian community, to pass unnoticed in a teacher of a public institution, what so justly merits their disapprobation.

Besides, it seems due to the interests and true character of the Medical School itself, to call the public attention to this subject. The professors of that highly esteemed institution have uniformly treated Christianity with profound respect when noticed by them, or else at least suffered it to pass in peace. Professor Caldwell constitutes the only exception. His therefore is a solitary case—and we rejoice to say that his spirit on this subject is not a specimen, but a contrast to the spirit of his associates.

It is to be distinctly recollected also that no censure is intended against the very respectable Class of Students who requested its publication. On the contrary they are entitled to the gratitude of the community, for the promptness with which they brought to light this production. When professors in a public publick institution of learning, are so imprudent, to say no more, as to endeavour to weaken or destroy, the obligation of Christianity upon the minds of youth, the public ought to know it, that they may withdraw from such teachers their confidence, and thus destroy their pernicious influence.

Before we proceed directly to the investigation of this Lecture, it may be proper to make the two preliminary remarks which follow:

1 That the whole address is an effort at a vindication of himself from the charge of *speculation, used in a bad sense*—which in the opinion of many of his literary friends has characterized his literary career, and

2. That some of the clergy have "handled the Doctor pretty roughly" on this and other subjects.

The Doctor assumes this ground in the outset of his lecture, "*that knowledge is at once the instrument of our power, the source of our past and present enjoyments, and the day-spring of our future anticipations and hopes.*" That there is a sense in which this is true no one can deny. But its truth or its erroneousness depends entirely upon the way in which we answer the inquiry, "What is this knowledge?" To it we find before us the following response:—

"True knowledge, sound virtue and piety, are natural associates"—"Or at least they are to be recognized as twin sisters, knowledge being the elder, and most efficient"! Now if any idea is to be collected from this sentiment, it is this, *that knowledge, virtue and piety*, are so blended in the composition of character that they cannot be separated—that is, a man of knowledge must of course be a pious and virtuous man; and a pious and virtuous man must of course be a man of knowledge. Let us see how far the Doctor reasons here like a philosopher, that is, from facts?—Would it not be a violation of all truth and propriety to assert, that every distinguished philosopher, every distinguished politician, and even every distinguished divine was a man of virtue and piety? Are there not many such living habitually in the practice of the most abominable vices? while on the other hand men who have no pretention to philosophical attainments are living in the practice of virtue and piety?—Again, if knowledge, virtue and piety were associated so inseparably, would not the inference be correct that virtue and piety would increase in the same ratio precisely in which knowledge increased, and vice versa?—Is this true in fact? The whole history of man contradicts it. But we ask the Doctor's pardon. On a more close examination we find that it is *rational piety* he is speaking of. There is then a *rational* an irrational piety. The standard by which we have judged,

and by which virtue and piety are generally judged, is to reverence and worship God, to respect all his laws by doing every thing he has commanded and avoiding every thing he has forbidden; in short, to adopt as our own what the Lord Jesus Christ has made the standard of faith and practical life for man. But we suppose this is the irrational piety by which the Doctor will not be judged. Then what is rational piety?—To FOLLOW THE PROPENSITIES OF NATURE, as we shall see in its proper place.

That the reader may have a more distinct view of what is meant by this knowledge to which he ascribes such mighty powers and with which is associated *virtue* and *piety*, we will fix his eye for a moment on the following paragraph in page 7th.

"To what, the influence and absolute command that one race of men has always possessed, and can never cease to possess over another, which, in the *ruling organ* (the Brain) of the body, is differently and very inferiorly provided? the dominion which the *man of Caucasus* maintains and must continue to maintain over the *man of Africa?* The reply is conclusive. the Caucasian race is superior to the African not only in knowledge, but in the capacity to acquire and the talents to employ it."

Here, reader, it is necessary for us to explain the *text a little critically*, that you may understand the Doctor's meaning, for through modesty no doubt he casts a veil of figures over his favourite child, and we never should have guessed his allusion had we not been so fortunate as to read his synopsis published on the PARTICULAR *speculation* alluded to in the paragraph. By the organ of the Brain, understand Phrenology. By the *man of Caucasus*, understand the white man, and by the man of Africa understand the Negro. We have then in plain vulgar style this as the meaning of the Doctor: The white man has a superior knowledge, and a superior capacity, for the attainment of knowledge over the poor black man, because his benevolent Creator has constructed his Brain differently. Now reader, perhaps you are a slave holder, and your conscience may have disturbed you a little on the subject. See what an admirable argument is furnished you for answering every objection to holding the Africans in slavery. Let us reduce it to a sylogism. It is the established order of nature that superiority of knowledge gives a claim to rule our fellowmen—the white man has, by the construction of his Brain, the only seat of knowledge, this superiority over the black man; therefore the white man has a natural right, derived from his Creator, to enslave the black man. But perhaps the reader may ask what is meant by Phrenology? As we have become the Doctor's organ, we will tell you all we know about it. In justice to our professor we must apprize you that it is as yet on the *speculative anvil*. It has not received its proper shape and polish—as he would say, it is as yet enslaved by some one of those causes which had deprived the human mind of its independence; but is presently to burst these chains and become the best expositor of mental philosophy. Until it asserts its prerogative we must wait for a full explanation. This however is the germ of this amazing science: The soul has its seat in the Brain, (on what nerve or cavity she sits enthroned is not certainly known as yet). The mass of the Brain is divided into separate apartments, answering precisely to the various affections and propensities of human nature. There is one apartment where the soul manufactures Mathematicks—another Theology—another Metaphysicks—another Lust, &c. &c. The beauty of the scheme is this: Inasmuch as the scull receives its form from the mass of the Brain when pliant, it follows of

course, that on whatever section of the Brain the soul acts most prominently it will give a correspondent prominence to the scull—hence an adept in this science by looking at the scull can tell pretty correctly whether a man be a mathematician, &c. &c or even whether a knave or man of virtue and religion.

The modest spirit and prophetic key with which our professor notices this great subject, on which all knowledge human and divine depends—will be seen and duly felt in the following extract:

"Even now, against the most memorable and essential improvement in intellectual philosophy that the world has witnessed.* does the cry of "*speculation*" burst at once from thousands of of tongues. Yet, trust me, even here, the time is approaching, and has nearly arrived, when this clamor of dissatisfaction this war-hoop of unenlightened and illiberal hostility, shall be converted into peals of approbation and applause."

"* *Phrenology*, the establishment of which no earthly power can resist — Whatever errors may be detected in its details, its fundamental principles are true. With every other system of truth, therefore, it will ultimately prevail, to the discomfiture of its enemies, and embittered denouncers.

"The author alludes to Phrenology not as inculcated by certain European writers, *but as he teaches it himself*"

THIS MEMORABLE, "MOST MEMORABLE, and *essential* improvement in intellectual philosophy that the world has witnessed,"—(not excepting the deep common sense of Reid, the splendid intellection of Stewart, the un-atheistic, and refined philosophy of Brown, or the the very original, tho' eclectric scheme of President Holley himself) shall yet be hailed with "peals of approbation and applause."—Rejoice our country, exult ye hills, let the walls of Transylvania become vocal with his praises—for "it is Phrenology not as inculcated by *certain European writers*, BUT AS HE TEACHES IT HIMSELF"! DODO.

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE LUMINARY.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, in Bourbon County, on the 21st ult. and in the 73d year of his age, Mr. Thomas Dinwiddie. It is believed that he was one of those plain, practical, pious men, whose characters are not only held in high estimation by their immediate descendants, but also by all who become well acquainted with them. He was born in York County, Pennsylvania, in 1753, of parents, who were reputed as pious, who endeavoured, after devoting their child to God in infancy, to train him up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." In early youth he removed to Virginia, and from thence to Ky. in 1786. Soon after his attaining to manhood, he cast in his lot, and united his destinies with the people of God. Not long afterwards, he was selected from his brethren in the church, and received ordination as a ruling elder and exercised the duties of this sacred trust until superannuated.

It was the lot of Mr. D. to live through a period, characterised by the prevalence of error and enthusiasm: which was a great grief to his mind, and when the schism occurred in the denomination to which he belonged, many of those who forsook the "old paths" and sought another fold were his dear friends. The most prominent leader of that party in the region where he lived was one on whose ministry he had regularly attended both with pleasure and profit, from whose hands he had often received the sacramental elements, and towards whom he felt a devoted attachment. But in this eventful struggle, which like a crucible analysed the principles of professors of religion, he "came forth as gold," 'held fast his integrity,'

and merging all these attachments and casting away every allurement persevered in 'maintaining the faith once delivered to the saints.'

He was well versed in the S. Scriptures. A minister who knew him well has remarked, that he was not acquainted with any layman who could more readily detect false doctrine or correct misapplications of scripture.

When two of his sons visited him soon after their having been inducted into the same office, he called them to his bed of sickness, and among other counsels gave them the following rule, the importance of which can be appreciated by those who have been conversant with ecclesiastical courts. "In all controversies never become devoted to either side, but endeavour to act as mediators between the parties."

For several years, owing to an attack of the palsey, his faculties were much injured, and during the last year of his life they were often totally deranged. It is worthy of remark, however, that when the regular periods of daily devotion arrived, he seemed uneasy until the duties had been performed, and during so much of the time as was thus occupied, he was usually permitted to exhibit the full possession of his mental and moral powers. His fatal disease was short and severe. The following words, uttered with a smile, were the last that were distinctly heard. "My soul rejoices in Jesus."

While residing in Greenbrier, Virginia, he was preserved by a remarkable providence. At no great distance from where he lived was a precipice of 200 feet perpendicular. In returning home on a very dark night he had dismounted and was leading his horse. He moved forward with his accustomed caution, till as he supposed this dangerous precipice had been left in his rear, when suddenly he stepped over it. Happily at that spot there projected a shrub about 3 feet below the summit. He hung upon it for a moment, until by catching hold of the rock on the summit he released himself from destruction. The deliverance was not forgotten by him; for after being in Kentucky several years and returning to Virginia, on business, he, at different times, went to see the shrub on which he hung, and returned thanks to God his preserver. E. W.

From the Missionary Herald.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MISSIONARY SCHWARTZ.

The following letter from the missionary Schwartz to the Secretary of the Society in Great Britian for Promoting Christian Knowledge, will naturally attract the attention of all who are acquainted with the character of that extraordinary man. Besides containing some authentic and interesting statements respecting the missionary himself, it furnishes an answer to a certain class of objections brought by the enemies of missions to the heathen. The "boastings" of Mr. Schwartz, the necessity of which he laments, will doubtless remind the reader of the Apostle Paul's unwilling self-commendations, to which he says he was compelled by the injurious detractions of the Corinthians. 2 Cor. xii, 11.

Tanjore, where the letter was written, is in the south-east part of peninsular India, nearly or quite opposite to Ceylon,

Tanjore, Feb. 13, 1794.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

As his Majesty's seventy fourth regiment is partly stationed at Tanjore, and partly at Vallam, six English miles distant from Tanjore, we commonly go once in a week to Vallam to perform Divine Service to four companies of that regiment.

When I lately went to that place, the 210th number of a newspaper called the Courier, Friday evening, May 24, 1793, was communicated to me.

In that paper I found a paragraph,

delivered by Mr Montgomery Campbell (who came out to India with Sir Archibald Campbell, in the station of a private secretary) wherein my name was mentioned in the following manner:

"Mr. Montgomery Campbell gave his decided vote against the clause, and reprobated the idea of converting the Gentoos. It is true, missionaries have made proselytes of the Parriars, but they were the lowest order of people, and had even degraded the religion they professed to embrace.

"Mr. Schwartz, whose character was held so deservedly high, could not have any reason to boast of the purity of his followers: they were proverbial for their profligacy. An instance occurred to his recollection, perfectly in point; he had been preaching for many hours to this cast of proselytes, on the heinousness of theft, and in the heat of his discourse, taking off his stock, when that and his gold buckle were stolen by one of his virtuous and enlightened congregation. In such a description of natives, did the doctrine of the Missionaries operate. Men of high cast would spurn at the idea of changing the religion of their ancestors."

As this paragraph is found in a public paper, I thought it would not displease the Honorable Society, to make a few observations on it; not to boast, (which I detest) but to declare the plain truth, and to defend my brethren and myself.

About seventeen years ago, when I resided at Tritchinapoly, I visited the congregation at Tanjore. In my road I arrived very early at a village which is inhabited by Collaries, (a set of people, who are infamous for stealing;) even the name of a *Collary* signifieth a *thief*.

These Collaries make nightly excursions, in order to rob. They drive away bullocks and sheep, and whatever they can find; for which outrage, they annually pay one thousand five hundred chaler, or seven hundred and fifty pagodas, to the Rajah.

Of this cast of people, many live in the Tanjore country; still more in Tondiman's country; and likewise in the Nabob's country.

When I arrived at one of these villages, called Pudaloor, I took off my stock, putting it upon a sand bank. Advancing a little, to look out for the man who carried my linen clothes, I was regardless of the stock, at which time some thievish boys took it away. Not one grown person was present. When the inhabitants heard of the theft, they desired me to confine all those boys, and to punish them as severely as I pleased. But I refused to do that, not thinking the trifle which I had lost, was worth so much trouble. That such boys, whose fathers are professed thieves, should commit a theft, can be no matter of wonder.

All the inhabitants of that village were heathens; not one Christian family was found therein. Many of our gentlemen, travelling through that village have been robbed.

The trifle of a buckle I did therefore not lose by a christian, as Mr. Montgomery Campbell will have it, but by heathen boys. Neither did I preach at that time. Mr. Montgomery Campbell says that I preached two hours. I did not so much as converse with any man.

This poor story, totally misrepresented, is alleged by Mr M. Campbell to prove the profligacy of Christians, whom he called with a sneer, *virtuous and enlightened people*. If Mr. M. Campbell has no better proof, his conclusion is built upon a bad foundation, and I shall not admire his logic; truth is against him.

Neither is it true, that the best part of those people, who have been instructed, are Parriars. Had Mr. M. Campbell visited, even once, our Church, he would have observed that *more than two thirds were of the higher cast;* and so it is at Tranquebar and Vepery.

Our intention is not to boast; but this I may safely say, that many of those people who have been instructed, have left this world with comfort, and with a well-grounded hope of everlasting life.

That some of those, who have been instructed and baptized, have abused the benefit of instruction, is certain But all sincere servants of God, nay even the Apostles, have experienced this grief.

It is asserted, that a missionary is a disgrace to any country. Lord Macartney, and the late General Coote, would have entertained a very different opinion. They, and many other gentlemen, know and acknowledge, that the missionaries have been beneficial to the government, and a comfort to the country.

This I am able to prove, in the strongest manner. Many gentlemen who live now in England, and in this country, would corroborate my assertion.

That the Rev. Mr. Gericke has been of eminent service to Cuddalore, every gentleman who was at Cuddalore, at the time the war broke out, knows. He was the instrument in the hands of Providence, by which Cuddalore was saved from plunder and bloodshed.

He saved many gentlemen from becoming prisoners to Hyder, which Lord Macartney kindly acknowledged.

When Nagapatnam, that rich and populous city fell into the deepest poverty, by the unavoidable consequences of war, Mr. Gericke behaved like a father to the distressed people of that city. He forgot that he had a family to provide for. Many impoverished families were supported by him; so that when I, a few months ago, preached and administered the sacrament in that place, I saw many, who owed their, and their children's lives, to his disinterested care. Surely this, my friend, could not be called a disgrace to that place. When the Honorable Society ordered him to attend the congregation at Madras, all lamented his departure. And at Madras, he is esteemed by the Governor, and many other gentlemen, to this day

It is a most disagreeable task to speak of one's self. However, I hope that the Honorable Society will not look upon some observations, which I am to make, as a vain and sinful boasting, but rather as a necessary self-defence. Neither the missionaries, nor many of the Christians, have hurt the welfare of the country.

In the time of war, the fort of Tanjore was in a distressed condition. A powerful enemy was near; the people in the fort numerous; and not provision even for the garrison. There was grain enough in the country, but we had no bullocks to bring it into the fort. When the country people formerly brought paddy into the fort, the rapacious Dubashes deprived them of their due pay. Hence, all confidence was lost. So that the inhabitants drove away their cattle, refusing to assist the fort. The late Rajah ordered, nay intreated the people, by his managers, to come and help us; but all was in vain.

At last, the Rajah said to one of our principal gentlemen:—*We all, you and I, have lost our credit; let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Schwartz.* Accordingly he sent me a blank paper, empowering me to make a proper agreement with the people. Here was no time for hesitation. The Seapoys fell down as dead people, being emaciated with hunger. Our streets were lined with dead corpses every morning. Our condition was deplorable. I sent, therefore, letters every where round about, promising to pay any one with my own hands, and to pay them for any bullock which might be taken by the enemy. In one or two days, I got above a thousand bullocks, and sent one of our Catechists, and other Christians into the country. They went at the risk of their lives, made all possible

house, and brought into the fort, in a very short time, eighty thousand kallans. By this means the fort was saved. When all was over, I paid the people, (even with some money which belonged to others) made them a small present, and sent them home. The next year, when Col. Braithwaite with his whole detachment was taken prisoner, Major Alcock commanded this fort, and behaved very kindly to the poor starving people. We were then, the second time, in the same miserable condition. The enemy always invaded the country, when the harvest was nigh at hand. I was again desired to try my former expedient, and succeeded. The people knew that they were not to be deprived of their pay: they therefore came with their cattle. But now the danger was greater, as the enemy was very near. The Christians conducted the inhabitants to proper places, surely with no small danger of loosing their lives. Accordingly they wept, and went, and supplied the fort with grain. When the inhabitants were paid, I strictly inquired whether any of the Christians had taken from them a present. They all said no, no; as we were so regularly paid, we offered to your Catechist a cloth of small value, but he absolutly refused it.

(*To be continued.*)

A BALL ROOM.

I was once in a ball room—many, many years ago—it was crowded to overflowing with gallantry and beauty—health sat on every cheek, and every eye sparkled with pleasure. The guests were all young, all gay, all happy, and sorrow and care seemed to have flown far away.—I leaned against the painted wall, and mused upon the scene before me, till my mind was lost in the dreams of imagination. Then I thought I saw a pale and ghastly figure, wrapped in thin loose drapery, leaning against a distant pillar of the hall, half hid by its reflected shade, and alternately eying with piercing scrutiny the moving groups, and making minutes on a scroll he held in his left hand. A shudder ran through me, and I shrunk back, and gathered my breath, and raised my finger to point out this mysterious guest, just as my arm was seized by a companion. I started—the delusion vanished—I mingled amid the giddy maze around me, but the recollection of that singular fancy returned and burned upon my heart, a hundred times that evening. A year ago, these juvenile scenes were brought again to mind. I passed by the old hall. It had now been a church for a quarter of a century, and a large and filled burial ground was walled in around it.—I dismounted and wandered an hour among the graves—almost every step I took, brought me before some tomb stone sacred to the memory of one or another, who was with me in youth at that crowded ball room—and some of these stones bore the marks of dim and dusty age.—Suddenly the mysterious guest, my fancy had so strangely pictured, came to my mind, and a voice seemed to say to me—'That was death—he has been faithful to his record.'—Who ever thought of death in a ball room.—*Oliver Oakwood.*

The Rev. Dr. Morse' of New-Haven has recently published a small work, entitled. "*Elements of Geography*," intended for the younger classes of learners, in which he has pursued a plan somewhat different from any of his predecessors or cotemporaries. He divides his work into three distinct heads, viz *Ancient*, *Modern* and *Prospective* Geography. In the first, he exhibits the state of the antediluvian world, the flood, and the four ancient empires of the globe; the second brings the subject down to the present time; and the third gives the opinion of the author as to what is to occur hereafter. *N. Y. Spect.*

From the Religious Intelligencer.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW YEAR.

'Tis midnight! silent, thoughtful, sober midnight.
All is hush'd. The swarming city, wearied
With its hum, is still: o'er its unconscious
Prostrate thousands, Sleep hath breath'd his opiate;
And airy-footed Silence, on tiptoe
Trips her way, beck'ning obedience to her
Dominion. All, save yonder pendulum,
Impertinent sentinel of reckless Time,
Is still! which, with its dumb moral zing
The profoundness of the silence seems to test;
And, swinging time into eternity,
Will not tarry while I comment on it.
Here, my soul, on this meridian, where,
With ruthless blade, old Time doth chronicle
His annual circuits; this starting point
Of ages; this bold precipice o'er which,
The ocean of eternity to come
Its flood doth pour, to join the one that's past;
Here, will we sit and muse, and wait his coming
—But lo! on pinions swifter than the winds.
He comes! his white locks like a shatter-'d pennon
Streaming.—and now hath pass'd! Be hold!—alas!
How desperate he doth speed another year,
The more vigorous for old age, wide wielding,
Like a strong swimmer buffetting the sea,
Those eventful pinions, whose every sweep,
The future into past converts. 'Tis past,
My soul! another year is fled; its deeds
In the great registry of Heav'n enroll'd;
Another leaf turn'd o'er; and where art thou?
Look to thyself! These still careering spheres,
With lightning's speed, are wheeling on their way,
And with insidious silence, winding up
The thread attenuate of life. Ay! Death,
The grisly foe, rank after rank is felling
Of thy comrades, and hast'ning to the van,
Slow but sure, *thy* station. Year upon year,
Install'd in days and months of bounty, so
Gratuitous, unask'd for, unrequitted,
Will leave thee bankrupt to Heav'n. O, hast thou
In the ever varied year thy God beheld? or,
Snatch'd its bounties from the palm which held them,
Turn'd thy back, nor deign'd a glance of gratitude?
Its kindly shifting Seasons hast thou viewed,
As but the varying attitude of love,
Anxious to exhilerate, nor surfeit,
In profusion, studying diversity?
All perfum'd, and with garlands crown'd, he bids
Young Spring, attire with her gay furniture
The earth; Summer spreads his viands rich;
Autumn, rife with moral, follows; and old
Winter leads us to ourselves, our firesides, books.
Yet all, with its kaleidoscope of hues,
Its vocal groves, colloquial rivulets,
Harvests luxuriant, and threat'ning thunders;
Its irradiance by day, and at night,
Its glorious panorama of wonders
Unfathomable, are but the constant
Emanations of a God. "O, the depth
Of the riches of thy love and wisdom!
What is man that thou art mindful of him!
Great and clothed with majesty and honor
Art thou, O God; thy ways past finding out!

A WORD OF COMMENT.

In looking over the address of the Rev. Mr. Ware, of New-York, delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the Unitarian Church in that city. I was struck with the anti-scriptural sentiment and language of the following phrase—"where God may be worshiped, as the only God, the Father, without equal, without partner." *Without equal*—Phil. ii. 6. Christ Jesus—thought it not robbery to be *equal* with God. *Without partner*—Zech. xiii 7. Awake O sword against my shepherd, and against the man that is my *fellow*, saith the Lord of hosts.—*Fellow*, i. e. my equal, associate or *partner*."

[*Christian Watchman.*